Conover stumbled into a sitting room of the little Magdeburg Hotel. Two men turned toward him. One of them

his arm in a sling—a great plaster patch on his forenead and dried blood

Caleb looked twice before he recog

"Thank Haven you're here!" ex-claimed the lad. She—" "She's alive yet?" croaked the Fight-

be through in a minute. Then I'll take you in. Mr. Conover, this is the Reverend Mr. Grant. He has been very, very kind. He helped us lift the wreck from her, and—"

"Is she going' to get well?" demand-ed Caleb, wheeling about on the clergy-

can do" answered Mr. Grant with gen-tle evasion, "The local physician-"

"Local physician?" mocked Caleb "Here, Hawarden! Sit down there an

tel'graph to Dr. Hawes an' Dr. Clay at Granite. Tell 'em to come here i

a rush an bring along the best nurses they can find. Tel'graph my office in

my name to give 'em a Special an' to clear the tracks for 'em. Tel'graph to

Noo York, too, for the best specialists

they've got. An—"
"I'm atraid, sir" interposed the clergyman, "there is no use in sending to New York. No doctor there could reach Magdeburg—in time."
"You do's I say!" Caleb ordered the lad. Then turning dereally on Mr.

lad. Then turning fiercely on Mr. Grant he demanded:
"What d'you mean by sayin' he won't get here on time? She's goin' to get well, if a couple of million dol-

lars worth of med'cal 'tention can cure

her. If not—"
"If not, sir," said the clergyman, speaking tenderly as a father, "we must bear God's will. For such as she

"No 'fear' for her?" yelled Conover,

that I'm afraid. For me that she'd leave to live on without her through all the damned dreariness of the years.

What'd there be for me to know she was in heaven? I want her. I want her here. With me! An' she'd rather be with me. I know she would. I'd

make her happier'n all the angels that

the clergyman, "You are not yourself. She is brave. She knows no dread Can't you be as brave as she is,—for her sake? She is learning that Death is no longer terrible when one is close

if only you will carry your grief to Him. When man can endure no more He sends Peace. If—"

The door of the inner room opened and a bearded man emerged. He paus-

ed in the threshold at sight of Caleb The Fighter thrust him bodily aside

without ceremony; entered the room the doctor had just quitted and close

smiling joyous welcome from its great eyes, turned eagerly toward her lover. With an effort whose anguish left her

lips gray she stretched forth her arms to him.

An inarticulate, sobbing cry that rent his whole body burst from the Fighter. The dear arms closed above

lulling to rest the horror that was con-suming him.

And after a time the shock passed, bringing the man's inborn optimism back with a rush. This girl who spoke

face,—he and the parson chap whose business it was to speed earth's part-ing guests,—between them they had

cooked up a fine alarm. They had scared him,—they and that fool boy

who knew nothing about accident and whose own minor injuries no doubt

made him think Desiree must be incurably hurt.
Caleb had seen many men who had

Caleb had seen many men who had been injured in railroad smashups. They had writhed clumsily, emitting raucous screams 'way down in their throats:—or had lain senseless in queer-shaped heaps from the first. Not one of them had been coherent, calm,—yes, even cheerful,—like this worshipped little sweetheart of his. The first shock was bringing its normal reaction to the Fighter's brain and nerves. As ever, it was imparting to them a redoubled power to cast off depression. He raised his head; and, by the d m light, studied Desiree's face. The brave, beautiful eyes met his with a

brave, beautiful eyes met his with a message of deathless love. The tortured lips were parted in a smile.

All at once he knew he was right. She would get well. The enginery that had made his fortune would not crush out her life.

out her life. The railroad that had brought him wealth was not to bring

him desolation as well. The forknowledge set his blood to tingling.
"Are you sufferin' so very much, girl?" he asked.

And she, reading his thoughts as she had always done, smiled again as she

"Not very much, dear heart. Hardly at all, now that you're here. Oh, it's good to have you with me again! I was afraid you mightn't—"

She stopped. He thought he knew why, and made answer:
"Thought I mightn't cene, hey?
Why, girl, if you had a smashed finger an' sent for me to come clear across the world to kiss it an' make it well, I'd come. An' you know I would. An'

I'd come. An' you know I would. An' you're really better since I got here?"
"Much. much better."
"I knew it!" he declared, in triumph.

"I knew it: he declared all right.
"I knew you'd come 'round all right.
I had a hunch you would. An' my

"Not very much, dear heart. Hardly

back with a rush. This girl who sp so bravely, who even laughed a line in her eagerness to comfort him could not be at death's door. This pill-mixer who had pulled so long the pulled s

the doof behind him.

You don't mean to blaspheme," said

arm of Christ. She-"

"All is being done that mortal skill

forward.

caking his face.-hurried

nized Jack Hawarden.

low it and the Conductor's Supremacy

Come to Be Established. igh there does not seem to be mything in common between pugilism and railroad rules, yet the adoption of the familiar bell rope that stretches through every car of the modern train was the result of a fistic encounter. At the same time and by the issue of the same combat the supremacy of the confuctor in railroad travel was ordained. It was Philadelphia which gave both to the world.

One of the oldest railroads in the country is the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, now known as the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, which was opened in 1837. The terminus in Philadelphia was at Broad and Prime streets Prime street now being known as Washington avenueand after crossing the Schuylkill river at Gray's Ferry the route ran along the Delaware river on what is now the ester line of the Reading railway. The first schedule contained one pasper train, which went to Baltimore ne day and came back the next, which red a remarkable feat in id travel. When a train a day each was placed in service the people of the two cities served concluded that acme of convenience in transportaon had been reached.

Next to the president of the railroad most important functionaries were engineer and conductor. It was a on whether or not the head of line was not considered a subsidificer in popular estimation to the who ran the train, but Robert who palled the throttle, and wolf, who collected fares, won deference of the public because of

ir high and responsible duties.
Fogg, an Englishman, had all the ity of opinion of his race. Wolf, serican, had the ingenuity of the thee and, seeing the need of some od by which he could communiwith the engineer, devised the of rudning a cord through the to the locomotive. As the engine a wood burner, Wolf fastened one d of the cord to a log, which was ed on the engineer's seat and was ed to the floor when the conductor ed to signal for a stop.

ference with his rights on the form of the locomotive and on the run out from Broad and Prime ts with the new device paid no d to the displacement of the log the seat when the conductor ded to take on a passenger from a m near Gray's Ferry, but sped on or the bridge and did not deign to

bring his engine to a stop until Blue Bell station, on the south side of the Schuylkill, had been reached. Then ne demanded to know of Wolf why he had been jerking that log all about the

Wolf hotly declared that he had signaled to stop, but Fogg retorted that he would stop when and where he pleased and that, too, without any reference to orders from the conductor. whom he did not regard as his superior in the management of the train. The altercation grew very heated, and Wolf invited the engineer from the cab to ettle the matter, and the challenge was quickly accepted.

Passengers and a group of men who had gathered at the station to see the train come in formed a ring about the combatants, but the fight did not last long, as Wolf proved by far the superior artist with his fists and with few blows made it almost impossible for the engineer to see sufficiently to complete his run, but Fogg admitted that he had been fairly beaten, and the supremacy of the conductor on a train was settled for all time.

As the log signal was crude and ineffective, Wolf devised the use of a bell on the locomotive, and this method was soon adopted by all of the American railroads. Then a code of signals was adopted, and these remain practically to this day. The only change in the bell cord is that by use of the air from the brake system a whistle has superseded the bell in the locomotive cab.-Philadelphia Ledger.

Clay's Ready Wit.

When Henry Clay was stumping Kentucky for re-election, at one of his mass meetings an old hunter of wide political influence said, "Well, Harry, I've always been for you, but because of that vote (which he named) I'm goin' ag'in you."

"Let me see your rifle," said Clay. It was handed to him. "Is she a good rifle?"

"Yes." "Did she ever miss fire?"

"Well, yes, once."

"Why didn't you throw her away?" The old hunter thought a moment and then said, "Harry, I'll try you again." And Harry was elected.

As a Remedy. "I want to get copies of your paper for a week back," said the visitor to the newspaper office.

"Wouldn't it be better to try a porous plaster?" suggested the facetious clerk.—Philadelphia Record.

Good news sweetens the blood. German Proverb.

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(Continued.)

As no reply could be heard, Jack's tones droned on; their despair twisted by distance into a grotesque semi-audi-ble squeak: "She may not live through the night,

the doctors says. You see," he rambled along, incoherently talkative in his panic, "we were called away from the Antlers, suddenly, by a letter telling my mother her sister in Hampden was ill. So we all left, two weeks was ill. So we all left, two weeks earlier than we had meant. When we got to Brandon my mother stayed there and I started back to Granite with Miss Shevlin. We took the branch road; and just outside of Magdeburg—"

"Party's rung off long ago," put in ne operator.

Caleb. at Jack's second sentence, had dropped the receiver, bolted from the hotel and hailed a night-hawk han-som. Already he was galloping som. Already he was galloping through the empty streets toward the station; scribbling with unsteady hand on envelope-backs a series of orders and dispatches that should assure him a clear track and a record-breaking journey from the Capital to Magdeburg. This detail arranged, his brain ceased to act. Sense of time was wined out. So mereifully was reasonable to the street of the street out. wiped out. So, mercifully, was rea-lization of pain. In the cab of the road's fastest engine he crouched through the long hours of darkness; while the wheels jolted out an irritat-

ing, meaningless singsong refrain that "Haven't-you-started? -For-God's

To still the hateful iteration and to rouse himself to some semblance of calm, Caleb pulled from his side pocket ffice at Granite that same afternoon by his secretary. He had been busy when the package arrived and had thrust it into his coat. Now he drew it forth and mechanically began to glance over the envelopes. It was personal mail and had been accumulating for days. Desiree always addressed her letters to his hotel at

the Capital; and his secretary attended to official mail. So Caleb had not ordered the forwarding of such per-sonal letters as might come to the of-fice. In fact he had been mildly annoyed at the secretary's well meant act in bringing them to him.

 Through the small sheaf of envelopes his thick fingers wandered. Suddenly, the man's lack-lustre look brightened the package was an envelope in De-siree Shevlin's hand. Letting the rest of the letters slide to the swaying floor the Fighter nervously caught this up Why had she written to the office in-stead of to his hotel? Probably, he thought, by mere mistake. A mistake that meant a few moments of surcease now from his nightmare journey.

With ice-damp fingers Conover held the letter; tore it open as though the ripping of the paper caused him physical pain; smoothed wide the pages with awkward, awed gentleness, and

"Heart's Dearest:-Just as soon as you've read this, you can come atraight to see me. Honestly! For I'H be at home. Mrs. Hawarden's sister is ill. We only heard of it by this noon's mall and we are leaving by the night train. At first I wanted to telegraph you at the Capital. But if I do I'm so afraid you will drop everything and come to meet me. And you mustn't. You must stay at the Capital till you wir. your fight there for all the men who have put money in Steeloid. We ire so happy we can't afford to do anything now to make other people blue. Can we? So stay and win for That's why I'm sending this to

You have just come back to Granite all tired from your work. Then you saw my letter and opened it and-I'm afraid you're on your way to my house before you've gotten this far.

"Oh, dear! This is the last of my little batch of Adirondack love letters. And I believe you're rushing off to see me instead of reading it. And it isn't a love letter after all. For it's going to be only a note. I've all my packing to do and the 'white-horse charlot' comes for our trunks at six.

It has been a beautiful vacation beautiful vacation. Two was heaven. And the weeks of it memory of that last golden day of ours makes something queer come into my throat.
"But I'm oh so glad,—so glad—we are coming away. Every minute brings me nearer to Granite. You

won't be there when I arrive; but I'll be where you have lived. And I'll be waiting for you every minute till you come back. Just thinking about you and loving you, heart of my heart. "I'm glad, too, that we are leaving he Antiers before every one else does. It is sad, somehow, to watch the boat-loads go off into the dark and to be part of the dwindling group that i: left. It is pleasantest to go away from a place—yes, and from the world, too I should think,—while everything is at its height; before friends thin out and the jolly crowd falls away and the happy, happy times begin to end. To leave everything in the flood-tide of the fun and to remember it as it was at its best; to be remembered as a lit-tle part of the happiness of it all. Not as one of the few last ones left be-

hind.
"What a silly way to write! This isn't a love letter at all. I told you it wasn't. But I had a horrid dream last night and it has given me the last night and it has given me the shivers all day. I think some of its hagorousness has crept into my pen. No. I won't write it. I'll tell you all about it when I see you. And then you can put your darling strong arms around me and laugh at me for letting myself get frightened by a silly dream. I wish this was a love letter. I never wrote one till this past week. So I don't know how to say what I want to; to say all the wonderful things that are in my heart. But I love you, my are in my heart. But I love you, my own. And the whole world centres just around you. It always has. But

just around you. It always has. But now that you know it does, I feel so happy it frightens me. We're going to be together forever and ever and ever—and ever,—and then some more. Aren't we? Say so!

"Say so, beloved, and hold me very tight in your arms, very near to your heart when you say it. For to-day I'm foolish enough to want to be comforted a little bit. I wish I hadn't had that dream. It was all nonsense, wasn't it? Dreams never come true. So I won't worry one minute longer. Only—I wish I was with you, my strong,

won't worry one minute longer. Only
—I wish I was with you, my strong,
splendid old sweetheart. The only
dream that can possibly come to pass
is the glorious one we dreamed that
night up on the mountain with the sea
of mist all around us and God's stars overhead. And we will never, wake

from it.
"The gentle, friendly northland summer is over now and the frost lies thick nearly every morning. It is time

"Oh, my darling, I am coming home to you. Home! We must never be away from each other again. Not for a single day;—so long as we live." CHAPTER XXIII.

I had a hunch you would. An' my hunches don't ever go wrong. I've sent for the best doctors in America. If there's better doctors in Yurrup I'll send for those, too. An', among 'em they'll have you fit as a fiddle in no time. You'll get well, for me, darling. You'll get well! You'l get well". He struck his hand on the bedpost to drive home the prophecy. "Yes, dear," she whispered, faint with a new spasm of pain as the jar of his hand's impact shook the bed.

"Oh!" he laughed, nervously, "I was so scared, girl. So scared! It seemed like the world was tumblin' about my The Strong Arm of Christ." The sky was gray with morning as

ears. If I'd come here an' found-"

He could not go on.
"I know, dear, I know!" She told him, stroking his bristled red hair as she spoke, "It would be terribly lonely for you if—if anything happened to me. You are so strong in some ways. Yet in others you are a child. No one understands you except me. No one else can break through the rough outer-world shell to the big gentle boy that hides inside it. If I were not here with you, no one would ever look for that boy. No one would even suspect he was there. And by and by he would die for lack of companionship. The hard rough armor would go on through life. But the soul,—the boy I love,—would be dead. Oh, you need me, dear! You need me! The poor helpless friendly little boy behind the brutal shell,—the real you needs me. He can't live without me. No one else will love him, or even know he is in his hiding place waiting and longing to be made friends with, I can let you go!"

The soft voice broke, despite the gal-lant spirit's commands. And the tone went through Conover like white-hot "Yes, yes! In there," pointing to a closed door. Wait! as Caleb reached the door at a bound. "Dr. Bond is dressing some of her hurts again. He'll

"Don't talk so, Dey!" he implored,
"Don't speak like you weren't goin' to
get well. You are I tell you!"
"Yes, dear," she assented once more,
petting the big awkward hand that

clung to her.
"Of course you are," he protested valiantly, "It's crasy of me to a thought anything else. An' I didn't really. You'll be as well as ever you was, in a week or less. I'm having nurses tel'graphed for, too. The best there are. An'," a veritable inspiration crossing the brain he was racking for further words of encourage ment, "An' I've got a present for you.
A dandy one. Guess what it is."
"Flowers!" he echoed in fine scorn,

ever happened! See!"

He fished from his waistcoat pocket a little box wrapped with tissue paper that was none the cleaner for a week's companionship with tobacco-dust and lead pencils.

"Oh, let me open it!" she commanded, with a vestige of her old sweet imperiousness. "That's the best part of a present." She undid the grimy paper, opened the box and gazed in childish delight at the gorgeous diamond in its platinum setting.

"I knew you'd like it" he chuckled, "Han'somest ring in New York. From the best store there, too. See the name on the box-cover. How's that for an engagement ring?"
"It's beautiful! Beautiful!" she mur-

She slipped it on her third finger, whence it hung heavy and ridiculously

there is no fear. She has the white soul of a child. She will go out of this lesser life of ours borne on the strong "Maybe it's a little too large" he confessed, "But we'll have that fixed easily enough. I didn't want to ask your size beforehand for fear you might suspect something". So I had to guess at it."

She praised the diamond's beauties with large converse to the confession of the confes catching but a single phase in the other's attempt at comfort, "Who the hell is fearin' for her? That gir's fit to look on God's own face an' live. It's for me that I'm afraid. For me

until even Conover was content. The she lay back among the pillows an fought movelessly for endurance waning strength, keyed up to its high-est pitch for Caleb's sake, was deserting her. To hide her weakness she began playing with the ring; slipping it from finger to finger until at length the circlet hung loose from her thumb. Caleb watched her slender hand toying with the gift.
"It'll be a mighty short time, now," said he, "before we fit on a plain gold

ring above that! Hey?"

At his words the girl, to his dismay, broke into a passion of tears.
"There! There!" he consoled, passing his arms about the frail tormented

enough to see the kind eyes behind the mask. I know how black an hour this is for you. But God will help you body, "Why, what is it, sweetheart? Too much excitement after your accident? I ought to a' had better than to keep you talkin' like this. Try an' get some sleep. An' when you wake up you'll feel better. Lots better. Don't cry! It breaks me all up to have you do it. Don't, precious!" "I-I love you so' panted the girl, "There's just you in all the world. Caleb! You'll stay close by me al-ways, won't you? Just as long as I The light burned low. In the centre of the big white bed,—a pathetically tiny figure,—lay Desiree. Her wonderful hair flowed loose over the pillow. The little face, white pain-drawn yet

"You bet I will" he declared, "An I'll never let you out of my sight. ain't more'n half myself when you're away. I need you worse'n you car ever need me, Dey. You're just the heart of me."

heart of me."

"Don't take your arms away," she begged. "They are so strong, so safe. Listen, dear:—I want you to pick me up,—I'm not too heavy, am I?—Pick me up and carry me. I want to be close to you,—closer than I ever was before. You are so big,—so powerful. And—I feel so weak. I'm a little restless; that's all," she added hastily, "And it will quiet me to be held."

He gathered her gently to his breast. Her arms clasped his neck; her face was buried in his shoulder to stifle the cry of agony evoked by the move-Fighter. The dear arms closed above his heaving shoulders and his head lay once more on the girl's breast. Through the hell of his agony stole for the moment that old, weirdly sweet sense of being at last safe from all the noise and battle of the world;—at home. And, as a mother might hush a frightened child, the stricken girl soothed and comforted him; whispering secret love-words of their own; lulling to rest the horror that was con-

the cry of agony evoked by the move-ment of lifting. Then, carrying her closely to his heart, Conover began to pace the room, bearing the girl as easily and as lightly as though she were a baby.
The tenderness of his caress now

held no roughness. The motion and the reliance on his perfect strength quieted her suffering and gave her the sense of utter peace she had known when she fell asleep in his arms on the Adirondack hill-top. "I am very happy!" she sighed, "Do I tire you?"

"Not much you don't, you little bit "Not much you don't, you little bit of a girl!" he laughed, "I could carry you always. An' I'm goin' to. Right close in my heart. Say, there was a man out in the other room when I came. A minister. He said a queer thing. Somethin' 'bout bein' carried on the 'strong arm of Christ.'"

"I think I know what he meant," said Desiree, softly.
"H'm! Sometime when you're better "H'm: Sometime when you're better
I'll get you to explain it to me. I'd
rather talk 'bout you, just now. D'you
remember that time I sat by the fire
an' held you like this while you went
to clean?"

"Do I remember?" she answered, "There has never been one hour I've forgotten it. It made me feel so safe from harm; so sure, so happy. Per-haps,—Yes, I'm sure—that's the way one must feel when—"

"Are you thinkin' 'bout what that preacher said?" 'asked Caleb, miserably. Don't girl! It'll be years and years before you ever need to think bout those things. A month from now we'll both laugh over the scare I had. . . Your eyes get wonderfuller all the time, Dey. I never knew quite how lovely they were till now. There's a light in 'em like they was lookin' at somethin' a common chap like me She drew his head down and their

lips met in a long kiss. As he raised his face he half-fancied she whispered some word; but he could not catch its He resumed his pacing to and fro After a time Desiree's lashes drooped. Her quick breathing grew slow and

"I didn't think-anyone could-be so -happy," she murmured, drowsily. "It's sweet to—to rest—in your arms." He bent to kiss her on the forehead.

The brow that had been so hot to his first touch was cool and moist.
"You're better already!" he cried in delight. "Say, sweetheart, I got an idea. To-morrow let's get that preacher chap to marry us. Shan't we? Then as soon as you get well enough, we'll go somewhere for the dandiest we'll go somewhere for the dandiest weddin' trip on record. To Yurrup, if you like. Or back to the Antiers. Or anywhere you say. An' I'll buy you the pretticst clo'es in all Noo York; an' you can get a whole cartload of joolry, if you like. I'd pay ev'ry cent I got in the world to keep that wonderful, happy light in those big eyes of yours. Will you marry me to-morrow, girl?"

(To be Continued.)

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